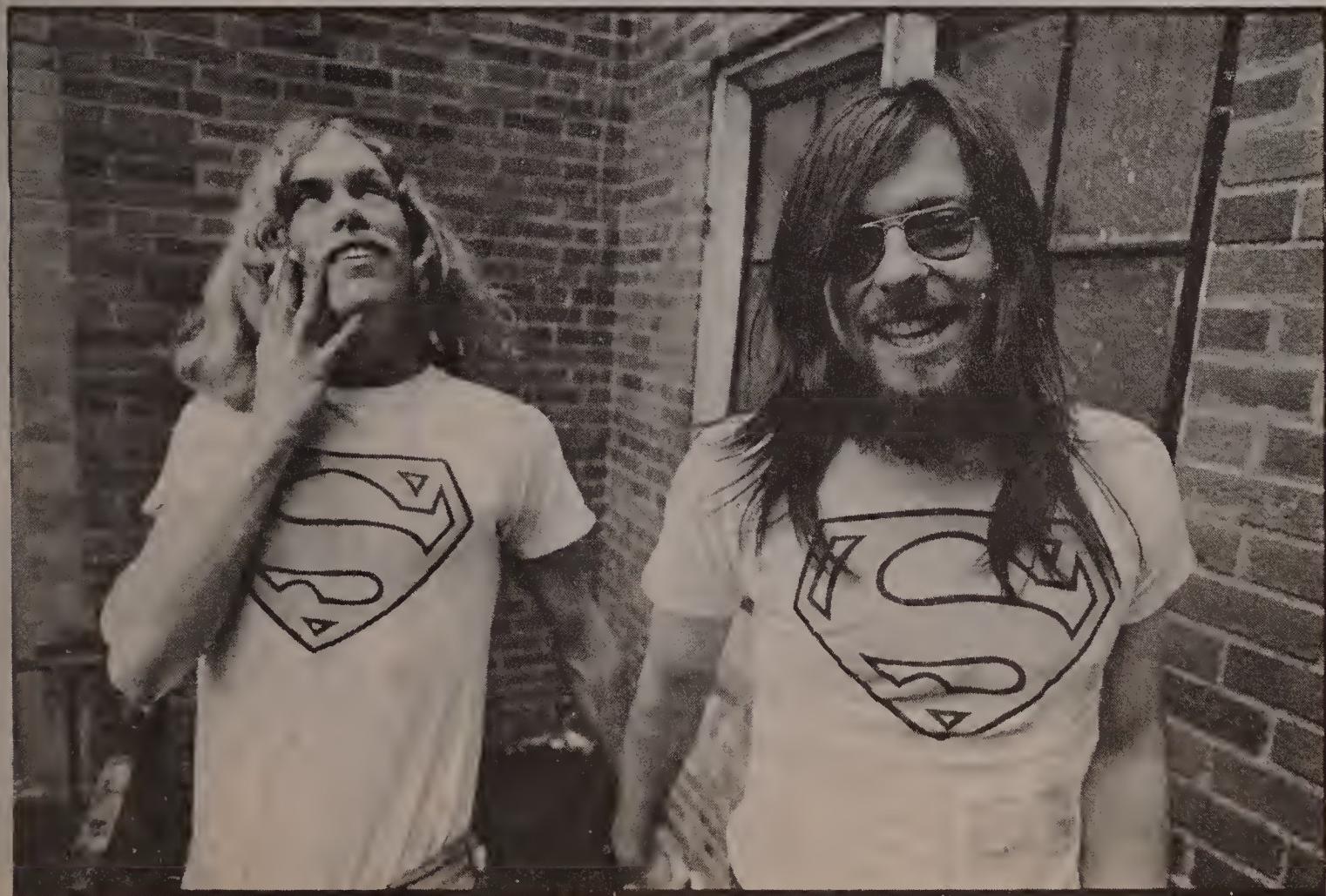




LAST CITY GAZETTE.





editors: Bill Chapman J. Chip Plank

R. I. P.

**the fat city gazette
published bi-weekly
for students·faculty
and friends of
mass. college
of art·boston
volume one
number eight!
5·20·75
the end**

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J. Chip Plank

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Linda Martyniak



Q: This is it?

A: Oui, the train stops right here.

This is the last time those two lovable photo-weenies, Billo and Chip will ever collaborate on a newspaper for what is referred to as the "MCA Community", or a little more succinctly-Fat City.

To those masochistic souls who are interested in picking up to where The Gazette left off, we have a few suggestions;

1) You should demand a budget of at least \$3500.00 and if you don't get it (we didn't) forget trying to put together anything except a very cheap, very toy-like "newspaper". We almost gave it up for lack of budget, but decided instead to give MCA exactly what it had asked for-\$2000.00 worth of newspaper, which isn't enough to even keep Tuttle on salary. He has been forced to sell part of his collection of rare man hole covers just to make ends meet.

2) Forget student support, the stuff we did get was mostly so dull, massive amphetamine injections were needed to perk up our valiant typing crew when they were done proofreading punctuating, and retying them for you wonderful people out there in the Longwood Building, Overland Building or at the Taj Mahal.

3) Forget faculty support. If the Critical Studies Dept. promises you credit, get it in writing. Get used to the faculty and the administration telling you stories about each other and about the private lives of students which you have no business hearing and they have even less business repeating.

4) In short, forget it.

Bill Chapman

Here it is, the tail end of another year and even after the midsummers dream of '74 became The Fat City Gazette and Bill and I donned our muckraking overalls, I am no more enlightened as to what makes MCA tick, when to all appearances the College has a case of terminal apathy compounded by dandruff of the ceiling in the Fullerton Bldg. What I am convinced of is that the talent of the individuals in MCA and the dedication of certain faculty members, technicians and staff are what holds the mortar between the bricks of our aging buildings. I look forward to another year at MCA where one out of three weeks won't be given up to the newspaper, a year where I can get back to fulfilling the demands of my dual major. But I have no regrets. We had a lot of fun staying up to all hours laughing our guts out trying to make deadlines. This was something more valuable than the three credits I was promised for my work that I couldn't get. Thanks to all who helped whether by contribution, or friendly word and thanks to all of our critics, who gave us the best laughs of all.

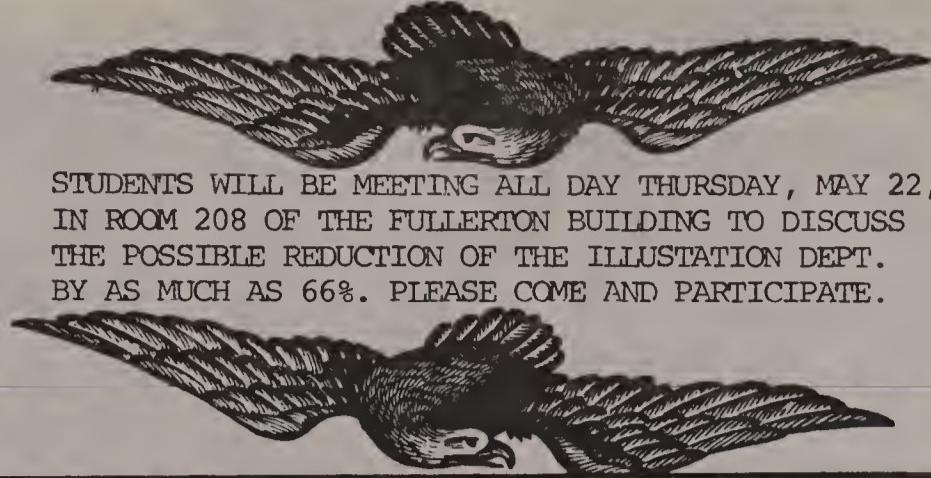
J. Chip Plank

ILLUSTRATION MAJORS and potential ones

On Friday, May 9th, senior Mary Lou Gevry successfully conducted a multi-media first aid course. Enthusiasm and attendance were great. This course is fast becoming a requirement in education programs and town school systems. Next fall the course will be offered several times during the school year.

Interest is growing in a married woman's forum to be held sometime in the last week of school. Conflicting stresses of career versus marriage and/or children are hampering many students in their studies. A dialog to suggest programs, speakers, films or open discussions for next year is necessary. All interested please contact Shirley McCutcheon, health service.

Two films on self defense "Lady Beware" and "Nobody's Victim" were shown on Tuesday, April 29th. Attendance was sparse and it suggests that most women know how to handle themselves in the city. Hopefully, this is true--however statistics sadly prove otherwise. This growing crime of insult shows apathy on a woman's right to walk unafraid in the city.



STUDENTS WILL BE MEETING ALL DAY THURSDAY, MAY 22, IN ROOM 208 OF THE FULLERTON BUILDING TO DISCUSS THE POSSIBLE REDUCTION OF THE ILLUSTRATION DEPT. BY AS MUCH AS 66%. PLEASE COME AND PARTICIPATE.



For The Health OF it



MASSACHUSETTS COLLEGE OF ART SECOND ANNUAL PHOTOGRAPHY PORTFOLIO 1975

TWENTY-SIX ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS IN AN EDITION OF FORTY-FIVE. EACH EDITION IS OF MUSEUM QUALITY AND BOUND IN HAND MADE BOXES FOR \$50. ALL INQUIRIES CAN BE SENT TO MASS: COLLEGE OF ART, PHOTOGRAPHY DEPARTMENT, 364 BROOKLINE AVE., BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS 02115. THE PORTFOLIO CONTAINS WORK BY:

GARY GOODMAN
GRADLEY MAYO
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BILL KIPP
CHARLES MATTER
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AL TIBBETS
JOHN GREPP
HENRY AUDERER
SANDRA WILSON
J. CHIP PLANK
MARLENE ZOOK

CHESTER MICHALICK
BERYL REID
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STEPHANIE YOUNGER
PAUL MULLER
DAVID MARTON
STEVE TALOROSKI
JOHN BLUMB
GERRY GROPP
DANA SALVO
JIM CROOKS
GUS KAYAFAS

MASS ART CLASS MADE IN USA RING



Mass College of Art, for the first time in six years is offering a class ring to all seniors, alumni and other members of the Mass. Art Community. The design, by Mr. Gary Richardson of Charles Street, Boston is cast in bright finish Sterling silver by the lost wax process. These specially designed rings are being offered to women and men at the moderate price of forty and fortyfive dollars, respectively. (Prices are subject to change depending on the world market price of silver. Mailing charges will be one additional dollar.)

If you are interested please address all further inquiries to:

Mr. David McGavern, Dean of Students. Mass. Art, Boston 02215
617/731-2340

or:

Mr. G. Richardson
52 Charles Street
Boston, MA 02115
617/227-1767



It really should surprise not one of you moral cripples that constitute the student population of this school that the Student Government Elections have been cancelled for this semester. One supposes it could have been worse—Sissy Ffolliott could have run again.....

LETTERS to FAT CITY



DEAR FAT CITY,

I WANT TO CONGRATULATE THE BASTARD WHO TORE DOWN THE "SAVE THE WHALES" PETITIONS. WOW...IN A PLACE LIKE MASS. ART...I AM TRULY SURPRISED. YOU CALL YOURSELF AN AR-



TIST AND YET YOU HELP SENTENCE TO A HORRIBLE DEATH THESE INCREDIBLY NEAT AND INTELLIGENT BEHEMOTHS! SOMEHOW IT SEEMS CONTRADICTORY...IGNORANCE OF ARTISTIC APPRECIATION OF THIS LIFE OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT. WELL, IT ONLY TAKES ONE SADISTIC FOOL, I GUESS.

I HAVE MY RIGHTS AND THEY HAVE BEEN VIOLATED.

THANKS FOR THE THOUSANDS WHO FEEL THE WAY I DO. EAT SHIT, OH IGNORANT AND CRUEL ONE.

KRIS DOLIBER

Dear Fat City,

Sometimes you guys have it together and sometimes you don't, but last issue was definitely with the program, so keep up the instant karma.

Al Mercier

Dear Fat City,

Some crazy priorities in this place! Outsiders running rampant in the building. The roof has fallen in at the Fullerton Building. The safety standards are so low they can only be considered inadequate. All of this on top of us and then somebody writes into the newspaper and tells us that the auditorium has been repainted and they have hung posters in the cafeteria. Then, the clincher---one hour of our time is being requested to clean up the yard. You guys have been into Fat City this and Fat City that for awhile, but I never appreciated what it meant until I read that gonad's letter in the last issue.

Good Luck,
Steve Murphy

A SPLIT SECOND IN ETERNITY



The Ancients Called It
COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS

As the Gazette prepares to head towards eternity, we would like to take this opportunity to thank the following people, true "Friends of the City"

Chuck Matter, Breda Kenyon, Robin Plank, David McGavern, John Cataldo, Laurel Wilmore, Lee Kane, Mac Hosack, Ken Pismoe, John Butler, Dorothy Esterquist, Bob "Bonehead" Schmidt, Elly MacKinnon, Tom Scally, Bill Pearce, John Wescott, Dr. Paul Shea and Howie Ritz.

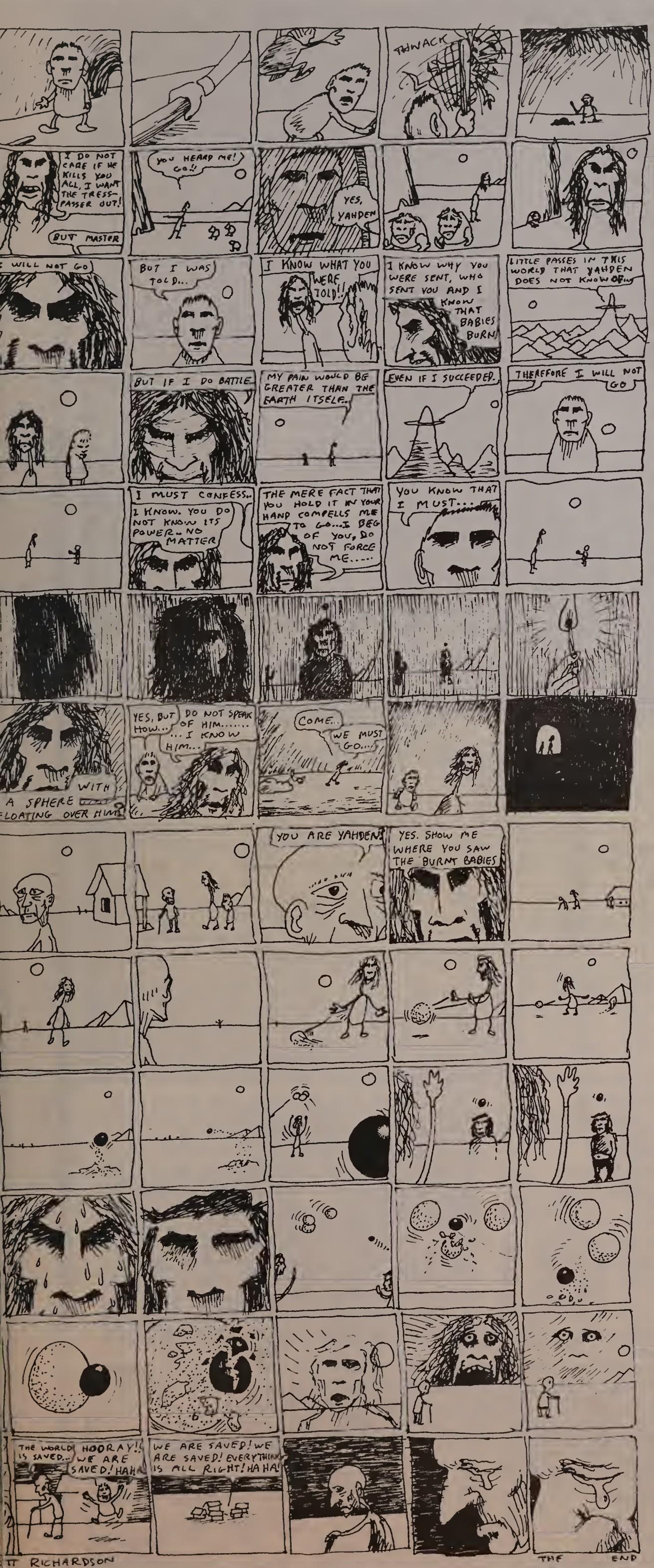


★ the fat city gazette ★



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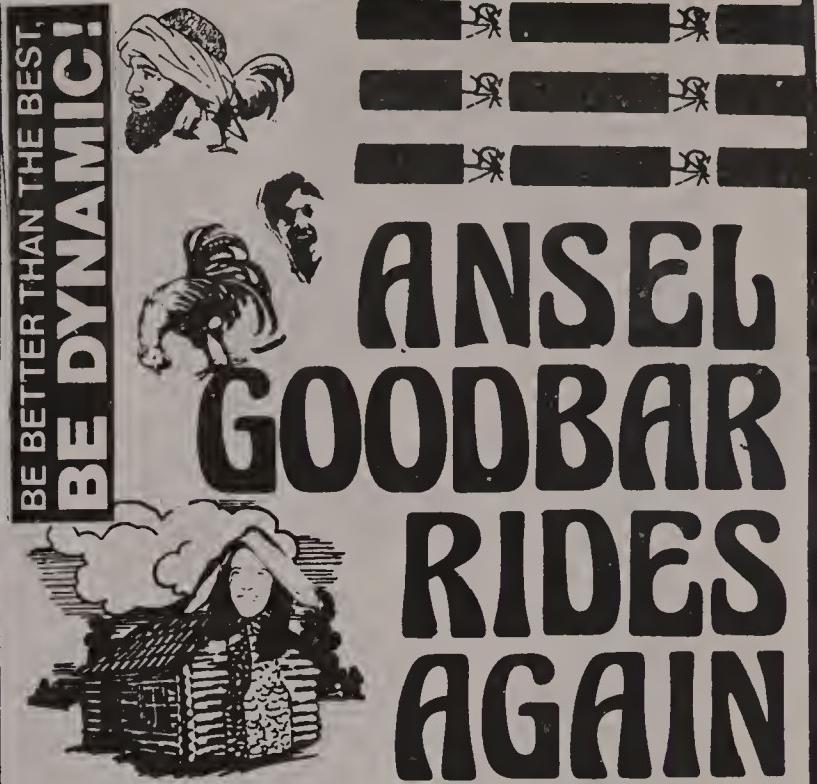
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H. RICHARDSON

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 Portuguese Sesotho Zulu Hebrew Melanesian Sepedi Twi
 Vietnamese

BE BETTER THAN THE BEST!
 BE DYNAMIC!



The MCA Photo Gallery is that dusty piece of turf directly in front of the main darkroom in the Longwood Building. Increasing frustration with the lack of acceptance that the Office of Programs and Exhibitions has shown the Photography Department over the years led to the formation of the only gallery area in the College not under the clutches of that office.

Over thirty students have exhibited their works on the gallery walls in the last three semesters. It has also served as the launching board for the two photography portfolios the school has produced. The walls have seen such varied projects as "Take Me Out to the Bauhaus", photos of, by, and for Leslie Arruda and Bill Chapman, which opened to a gala reception last January. Academic year 74-75 has seen some great and some offensively mediocre work, pointing to a need for more strict doling out of gallery space. G.A. Goodbar's current show, entitled "Ansel Goodbar Rides Again" is the most successful of the semester and one of the most cohesive statements about photography ever to grace MCA. While most of MCA's photo majors have been bogged down doing pale imitations of Photo Prof. Gus Kayafas and his infrared work, Goodbar has headed for the ozone, pitting a street "savvy together with a rather off beat sense of humor" to produce photos distinctly his own. He is currently editing a group of his photos for inclusion in his book of photographs made from his cab, to be titled "Where To?", and is also working on a project with environmental concerns. Mr. Goodbar is photographing the deteriorating life America has provided for its chickens, to be entitled "Life is Like a Cock", to be completed by this fall.

While many MCA photographers consider themselves proponents of "Street Photography", most underscore their cowardice by continuing to photograph shadows, bent signs, and such masterful whims of self expression as producing photographs of their washing machines. Goodbar's propensity towards photographing cold, sometimes abusive events reveal an unusual amount of sensitivity in making the camera a partner in his spontaneous creation of empyreal images.

Definitely, check out the show and when you are finished, start hailing ITOA cabs, you never know, it might be Ansel Goodbar Riding Again.....

William Chapman





ROBIN TROWER

TUTTLE

From the opening notes of "Day of the Eagles" it was evident that Robin Trower would be a winner at the Music Hall. The last time I saw him was in 1968 with a now almost forgotten group, Procal Harum. When his guitar began to impose itself upon the Harum in such a way that it interferred with the heavy metal organ sound of Gary Brooker, he decided to leave and form his own three man group, with whom he has been appearing ever since.

The major proponent of the style of playing that first found light between the frets of one James Hendrix, Trower embodies a pleasant throwback to those days of strobe lights and rock and roll. Space music, dark star, manic depression, maybe Spirit—"I Got a Line" with Jack Cassady as the Commissioner of Free Flight..

Oh, yeah. 'Scuse me. This is, after all, 1975, and most of the music being played today that was created during that era sounds so pale and lackluster, sometimes I do feel like a Grand Old Man of R and R. What floats around today under the moniker of Jefferson Starship is a very blunt sacreligious version of what was once a very sharp pointed little head. Never having heard much about Trower except "he sounds like Jimi Hendrix" and very little of his stuff on the FM Dial, Smokin' Jim was a little dubious of cutting short a NYC gig to attend Hendrix's reincarnation. Pushing antihistamines into my face to beat the rap on a common rock and roll cold did nothing to encourage me on the way back.

Arrived in Boston with enough time to find out I was already one hour late for the concert, and with any luck at all could miss the opening act, "Joe Vitale and his Madmen", who weren't and anybody else would have been had they payed money to be bludgeoned with the sound those guys put out. People, however, are not Tuttle and they were rolling all over the floor, walls and each other the largest collective stupor I have seen since Pismo Beach in 1972.



The crowd went crazy when Robin hit the stage..... In case they didn't, he had provided a backdrop showing the earth rising over the moon, flashing colored lights and a dry ice fog making machine. All in good taste, mind you and not even necessary. If you were to close your eyes you could imagine the Fillmore, the night Jimi Hendrix played with Buddy Miles to end the year 1969. Robin rattled through "Day of the Eagles" with the same urgency that ripped through Hendrix and "Machine Gun" from a few years ago.

Convenience All the Way?

Not expecting anything but a headache Robin Trower proved to be a surprise. While practically all of the great guitar virtuosos are either dead (Duane Allman, Hendrix, Chip Plank) or have gotten so laid back, they are not exciting anymore (Clapton, Jeff Beck, etc.), Trower still has an exciting stage show with music such that he could have spared himself and us the cheap theatrics.

With a bevy of foot controls underneath his English foot, he could effect a wide range of sounds from his guitar. Although his music contains all the cosmic pretensions that Hendrix's did, and all tends to run together in the mind of Tuts, the highs made up for the lows, the sound made up for the rent-a-pig force and a splendid time was guaranteed and paid for by all. Trower even encored with "Rock Me Baby", a pointed head tune if there are any.

Which brings us back to the strobe light at the end of the tunnel. Is this version of Anglo-Necrophelia acceptable? Can an individual who would have been ignored as a lesser talent if he had tried to foist the same act on the public five years ago, deserve critical acclaim today?

On the basis of record sales, he is a superstar. Although his records have no single cuts to entice sales, or never really receive much airplay, he lands immediately in the Top Five whenever he releases a record. Such chart action is unusual, considering Robin Trower isn't exactly a household word.

Academic, pal, isn't a household word either, and it can't set anyone to rock and roll, so Trower passes. I pass, four dollars in his direction and now I have a record that sounds like Jimi Hendrix. Pass the Tuna, Jack.

Dear Fat City,
Tuttle is subtle.
Chris Merrick
Dear Fat City,
Scuttle Tuttle.
Andy Coleman



ART JOHN

Does it Pay?



KIWI



PHOTOS BY BILL CHAPMAN
(YOU PROBABLY FIGURED
THAT ANYWAYS)





Budget News

As of this writing, plans have not been formalized for reducing the budget of the College. Rumors abound and since this is the last issue, we don't feel it is our place to pass them on and possibly fan some very dry brush fires. We suggest you attend the all College Meeting on this Thursday. It will be held from noon until two o'clock on the second floor of the Overland Building.



President Jack Nolan will preside and has promised to answer questions concerning the possible cuts in the College's services. You may also consider writing to your state congressmen and informing them of the perilous financial state your College is in and what an imposition it is on the successful completion of your education at MCA. If you don't know the name or address of your representatives, drop us a line and we'll find out for you.

RIDE LIKE THE GREAT ONE!®

\$400



HEY! Take a tip from the GREAT ONE, You say you're looking for a good deal on wheels, something different? Then have I got the car for you!! This little cream puff was owned by the Great One himself It's a real collectors piece, a genuine vintage 1966 VW HIPPY VAN, resplendant with such extras as; American Flag graphics, Whittier College parking sticker (Alma Mater of Richard M. Nixon), Refridgerator, fold-out bed (Afist priority w/ the Great One!) PLUS!!! This van prior to its ownership by the great one, was present at nearly every major rock festival and political rally in the nation. IMAGINE! Drive where the Great One drove, Toke where the G.O. toked! Make time where the G.O. did! Too drunk to drive home?? Fold down the bed in back! All this, and don't forget, you're own -ing a piece of American history too! WHAT A DEAL! ONLY \$400 !!!!!!!!!!



What do you see when
you turn out the light?
I can't tell you, but I
know that it's mine...

JL&PMCC



